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EXILES®

There are realities outside our own; some similar, others abnormal. Sometimes these realities are damaged, and need some help. That's where we come in...

EXILES

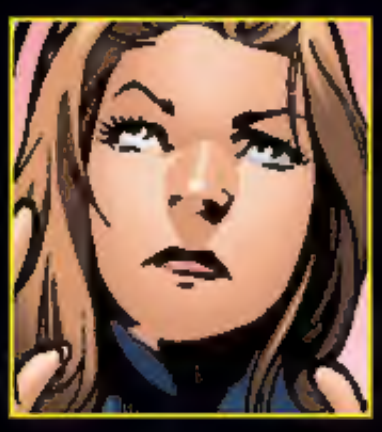
Victor Creed
Sabretooth
AGE OF APOCALYPSE

Clarice Ferguson
Blink
AGE OF APOCALYPSE

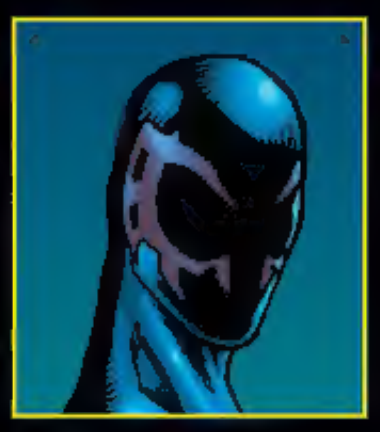
Betsy Braddock
Psylocke
EARTH - 616

Longshot
MOJOVERSE

Kevin Sydney
Morph
EARTH - 1081



Cat Pryde
Shadowcat
UNKNOWN



Miguel O'Hara
Spider-Man 2099
EARTH - 6375

John Proudstar
Thunderbird
EARTH - 1100

Life has been better for the Exiles. Their latest mission – to an Earth whose dominant super hero was **Victor von Doom** – has ended with the destruction of the planet and the sacrifice of the entire Human Race. The physical shock of this event caught up with our heroes in the midst of their dimensional transit back to the **Crystal Palace**, apparently scattering **Sabretooth**, **Blink, Morph**, **Spider-Man**, and **Longshot** from one end of the cross-time stream to the other.

Meanwhile, back at the **Crystal Palace**, **Betsy**, **Thunderbird** and **Cat Pryde** are faced with the challenge of finding the rest of the team and retrieving them...

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SABRETOOTH
VICTOR CREED

BLINK
CLARICE FERGUSON

MORPH
KEVIN SYDNEY

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE'D THEY ALL GO?

BARELY SECONDS AFTER THE END OF LAST ISSUE.

PSYLOCKE, SHADOWCAT & THUNDERBIRD

BETSY BRADDOCK, CATHERINE "CAT" PRYDE & JOHN PROUDSTAR

SPIDER-MAN 2099
MIGUEL O'HARA

LONGSHOT

THIS IS CRAZY, THEY JUST VANISHED FROM THE SCANNER.

THE SHOCKWAVE HAS SCRAMBLED THE ENTIRE SYSTEM, WE'VE TOTALLY LOST CONTACT.

SO LET'S START LOOKING FOR THEM, PEOPLE.

WHATEVER IT TAKES, WE'LL FIND THEM.

NORMAN LEE
INKER
WIL QUINTANA
COLORIST
SIMON BOWLAND
LETTERER
TOMM COKER
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THAT WAS FUN.

"WE'LL BRING THEM HOME."

HOME, AGAIN!

END'S BEGINNING

OR--FIND US THE WAY TO GO HOME!

PART FIVE

by Chris Claremont & Clayton Henry

NOT!

WHERE THE HELL *AM* I?

HAVEN'T A CLUE BEYOND THE OBVIOUS, 'TIL I GET OUT OF THESE BLOODY TREES.

AT LEAST MY *TALLUS* LOOKS LIKE IT'S *WORKING.*

YO, *CRYSTAL PALACE,* ANYBODY HOME?

YOU LISTENIN', *BETSY?*

GUESS *NOT.*

BETTER START WALKIN', FIND SOME OPEN SKY SO I CAN GET A SENSE OF WHERE I AM AND WHAT KIND OF PLACE THIS IS.

WHUSSAT?!

PEOPLE-- MOVIN' FAST AN' *QUIET--*

--LOT OF *TENSION* IN THEIR VOICES. WHATEVER THEY WANT HERE...

"...THEY MEAN *BUSINESS.*"

YOU CLOWNS WANT TO *KILL* A GUY...

...YOU SHOULD AT LEAST HAVE THE *COURAGE* TO COME FOR HIM *FACE-TO-FACE!*

FOREST ALLOWED ME TO GET CLOSE WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED--

--NOW IT HELPS THEM.

THEY'RE TOO SCATTERED, THERE'S TOO MUCH COVER.

I'LL HAVE TO NAIL 'EM ONE AT A TIME.

NOT A PROBLEM.

HAVE YOU WRETCHES NOT THE SLIGHTEST QUALITY OF GRACE?

TO SHOW SUCH DISRESPECT FOR YOUR ENEMY BY TRYING TO SLAY HIM...

BLAM

...AT THE GRAVE SITE OF HIS WIFE AND CHILD?

HOW DARE YOU!

AT LEAST THEY DON'T HAVE ANY SUPER-POWERS.

OUCH!

WHERE'S THIS LITTLE TWERP COME FROM?

AND WHY THE HELL WASN'T I PAYING ATTENTION.

SURE, MY HEALING FACTOR WILL TAKE CARE OF THE DAMN WOUND...

...BUT IT STILL *HURTS!*

YOU CREEPS WANT A PIECE OF ME?

TAKE YOUR *BEST SHOT.*

BUT THEN, IT'S *MY* TURN.

SMART CHOICE.

THANK YOU FOR THE HELP.

SEEMED LIKE THE THING TO DO AT THE TIME.

YOU'RE WOUNDED, CAN I *HELP?*

MY *HAND* WON'T QUITE CLOSE. I CAN'T GET A DECENT GRIP ON THE *KNIFE.*

I THINK THE BLADE MAY HAVE CLIPPED YOUR *SPINE.*

THAT'LL EXPLAIN THE *NUMBNESS* IN MY HAND.

YOU NEED A *HOSPITAL.*

JUST PULL THE DAMN THING *OUT.*

TRUST ME, I'LL BE *FINE.*

IF *YOU* SAY SO.

HERE IT IS.

I'LL HAVE TO SHRED MY SHIRT TO IMPROVISE SOME *BANDAGES*--

--IT'LL ONLY TAKE A *MINUTE.*

DON'T BOTHER, THERE'S *NO* NEED.

LOOK AGAIN, THE WOUND'S ALREADY *CLOSED.*

D'YOU WANT TO *BLEED* TO DEATH?

MY BODY'S REAL GOOD AT *HEALING.*

LUCKY *YOU.*

THANK YOU FOR THE *WARNING.*

SEEMED LIKE THE THING TO DO.

I AM *RAPHAEL-RAVEN DARKHOLME.*

I AM IN YOUR *DEBT.*

VICTOR CREED--BUT NOBODY MUCH CALLS ME THAT.

THE NAME I PREFER IS *SABRETOOTH.*

AN' I'D BE *CAREFUL* WHAT YOU OFFER-- THE DEAL YOU GET IN RETURN MAY *SURPRISE* YOU.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

I'M SORRY, *CAT.*

I'M AFRAID I'VE *NEVER* BEEN MUCH GOOD WITH COMPUTERS.

EVEN WHEN MY FINGERS *FIT* THE KEYBOARDS.

NOT A PROBLEM, JOHNNY.

SOMETIMES-- I THINK *MACHINES* ARE MY BEST FRIENDS. THEM, I CAN *FIX.*

AND THEY DON'T *DIE.*

PEOPLE, I SEEM TO LOSE *FOREVER.*

SORRY.

THERE'S NO NEED.

WHEN I'M *NERVOUS,* I TEND TO SPEAK WITHOUT THINKING, Y'KNOW? STUFF *SLIPS* OUT.

FORGET WHAT I SAID.

PLEASE.

YOU EVER WANT TO TALK, CAT, I'LL BE HAPPY TO LISTEN.

DON'T BE MY *FRIEND,* JOHN. I DON'T WANT FRIENDS.

"MY FRIENDS, I ALL *KILL.*"

OKAY, *PRYDE,* LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE REALLY AS *GOOD* AS YOU SAY YOU ARE.

CLICK

OKAY--

--I'M *IMPRESSED.*

BETSY, EVEN WITH ALL THIS, HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND THE OTHERS?

ACTUALLY IT'S *EASY.*

UNLIKE ME, THE *EXILES* ARE LISTED IN THE SYSTEM *DATA-BASE*--

WHY NOT *YOU?*

AS FAR AS THE PALACE SYSTEMS ARE CONCERNED, I DON'T *EXIST.*

OUTSTANDING.

IT HAS ITS MOMENTS.

GOOD *AND* BAD

ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS TURN ON THE *SEARCH* SYSTEM, HOPE FOR A QUICK RETURN--

--AND PRAY NOTHING MORE GOES *WRONG.*

ANOTHER WORLD...

...ANOTHER EXILE...

...MIGUEL O'HARA, OTHERWISE OFFICIALLY KNOWN AS SPIDER-MAN 2099.

GWEN?!

GWEN...?

IT'S NOT *FAIR.*

WHY DID YOU *GIVE UP,* WHY DIDN'T YOU FIGHT FOR YOUR *LIFE?*

WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME DIE *WITH* YOU?

MAYBE THAT'S THE NATURE OF *LOVE?*

"TO DO FOR *THEM* WHAT YOU *WON'T* FOR YOURSELF."

WHERE *AM* I?

WAS THAT...ALL A *DREAM?*

HAVE I WANDERED INTO A *KUBRICK* FESTIVAL, THE LAST ACT OF *2001?*

NORMAL ROOM, NORMAL CLOTHES--

--SPECTACULAR *VIEW.*

DOESN'T FEEL LIKE THE *CRYSTAL PALACE.*

SERVE ME RIGHT TO BE *LOST*-- ON A *PARALLEL* EARTH SOMEWHERE ACROSS THE *OMNIVERSE.*

WELCOME BACK, STRANGER.

I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'D MAYBE SLEEP *FOREVER.*

YOU SOUND *SURPRISED.*

YOU SPEAK *ENGLISH.*

THIS IS WHERE I FOUND YOU, COUPLE OF DAYS AGO, JUST AFTER SUNRISE.

LOOKED LIKE YOU'D BEEN IN THE WATER A WHILE.

A *MIRACLE* YOU DIDN'T *DROWN.*

AND WITH THAT SIMPLE OBSERVATION BEGINS MIGUEL'S STORY--A TALE OF TRAVELING ACROSS DIMENSIONS, OF VISITING SCORES OF ALTERNATE EARTHS, OF ADVENTURES THAT WERE ALWAYS FANTASTIC, OFTEN HEROIC, AND SOMETIMES SADLY TRAGIC

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ***BETTER*** IF I HAD.

SHAME ON YOU!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, WHAT I ***LOST.***

YOU WEREN'T ***THERE!***

YOU WERE ***DELIRIOUS,*** YOU TALKED A LOT IN YOUR SLEEP

MOSTLY ***NONSENSE,*** BUT I GOT THE ***GIST.***

YOUR ***GWEN*** MADE A ***CHOICE.***

SHE ***REFUSED*** TO LET YOU DIE WITH HER.

SHE ***LOVED*** YOU, MIGUEL.

SHE ***SAVED*** YOU!

ARE YOU ***REALLY*** GOING TO SPIT THAT ***BACK*** IN HER FACE?

IF YOU ***TRULY*** FEEL FOR HER, HOW CAN YOU ***DISHONOR*** SUCH A GIFT?

"MAKE IT ***MEAN*** SOMETHING, MIGUEL.

"SHE'S NO MORE THAN A ***MEMORY*** NOW.

"SHE ***LIVES,*** HER LIFE HAS VALUE, SOLELY THROUGH ***YOU.***

"IF YOU GO, IF YOU ***GIVE UP...***

"...SHE'S ***NOTHING.***"

ANOTHER DIMENSION, ANOTHER VARIANT EARTH...

... THE CITY OF NEW TOKYO.

AND WITHIN THE PARAGON TOWER, CENTERPIECE OF THE CITY...

ROGUE!

ANNA RAVEN, WE AVENGERS HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST

THE GAME'S OVER, YOUNG LADY MAKE THINGS EASY ON YOURSELF AND GIVE UP NOW--

--OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES

THAT MAY BE EASY FOR *YOU* TO SAY.

BUT THOSE WORDS MEAN *NOTHING* TO ME.

BET MY *FISTS* CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND.

BET *NOT.*

YOU PLAY A *LIVELY* GAME ROGUE.

SARACEN!

BUT *AMERICAN BOY* HAS BARELY *BEGUN* TO LEARN HIS CRAFT.

THE *REST* OF THE *ROYAL AVENGERS* ARE FAR MORE *FORMIDABLE.*

AS YOU ARE ABOUT TO *LEARN.*

AS I AM ABOUT TO TEACH YOU.

PARDON MY INTERRUPTION--

WHAT?

WHO--?!

--BUT IT'S REALLY *NOT* NICE TO POUND ON A YOUNG *LADY.*

(I DO HOPE YOU'RE NOT *HURT,* MY DEAR.)

AS A MATTER OF FACT...

...YOUR BEHAVIOR HAS PROVOKED THE *CRIMSON PIRATE* TO TAKE ACTION.

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF WE TAKE OUR *LEAVE.*

YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH.

GOOD *PUNCH.*

INSIDE THAT ARMOR, *LORD IRON* PROBABLY DIDN'T FEEL A THING.

BUT IT'LL TAKE HIS SYSTEMS A COUPLE OF MINUTES TO *RECALIBRATE.* THAT'S OUR *WINDOW* TO MAKE OUR *ESCAPE.*

I'M *KEVIN SYDNEY*-- BUT MOST FOLKS JUST CALL ME *MORPH.*

YOU'RE *ANNA RAVEN,* AM I RIGHT?

I'M-- *ROGUE.*

SORRY. I'M NEW IN TOWN.

DID I HIT A NERVE? IT SOUNDS LIKE SHE HATES HER REAL NAME.

BEST THING TO DO IN CIRCUMSTANCES LIKE THIS IS HIDE N *PLAIN SIGHT.*

THEY'LL EXPECT US TO *RUN,* NOT SAUNTER AWAY RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES.

YOU'VE DONE THIS *BEFORE.*

ACTUALLY. I WATCH A LOT OF *MOVIES.*

ROGUE-- WHAT'S THE *MATTER?*

YOUR CLOTHES-- YOUR BODY - WHAT DID YOU *DO?!*

EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU--JUST *CHANGED!*

THAT'S MY *POWER.*

CHANGING'S WHAT I *DO.*

BUT I MUCH PREFER MAKING NEW *FRIENDS.*

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANY POWER LIKE *YOURS.*

WHAT *ARE* YOU?

THAT'S-- KIND OF A LONG AND CONVOLUTED STORY.

SO-- LET'S FIND SOMEWHERE COMFY...

...AND YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

ANOTHER PLACE...

KRACH

...ANOTHER TIME...

JUST MY *LUCK*--

--TO LAND IN THE MIDDLE OF *WINTER*...

...IN THE MIDDLE OF THE *NIGHT*...

...IN THE MIDDLE OF A *BLIZZARD*.

THIS FEELS-- *BETTER*.

THANK HEAVEN FOR THIS *FIREPLACE*.

AND FOR THE FACT THAT *NOBODY'S* HOME.

NICE PLACE, FROM THE *LITTLE* I CAN SEE OF IT.

I WONDER *WHO* LIVES..

...*HERE*?

THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS... THAT'S ME!

ARE THOSE MY KIDS?

THEY REALLY ARE THE MOST *LOVELY* CHILDREN, MY DEAR--

--JUST LIKE THEIR *MOTHER*

WHO *ARE* YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH *ME?*

PUT AWAY YOUR *TOYS,* CLARICE. YOU WON'T NEED THEM AGAINST *ME.*

GASP!

YOU LED ME QUITE A *CHASE.*

SOMEHOW, YOUR *TELEPORT* POWER SYNTHESIZED WITH THE *CRYSTAL PALACE* ENERGIES...

...TO BOUNCE YOU NOT ONLY ACROSS SPACE BUT THROUGH *TIME.*

FORTUNATELY YOU LEFT A *TRAIL.*

IS THIS THE *FUTURE,* THEN?

IT'S CERTAINLY A... *POSSIBILITY.*

OR BETTER YET, CALL IT A *HOPE.*

I'VE NO MORE *STRENGTH* FOR THAT, POSSIBILITIES *OR* HOPES.

THAT, MY DEAR-- WOULD BE A *SHAME.*

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WELCOME *HOME,* MY DEAR.

APPEARS TO ME THAT YOUR SEARCH WAS *SUCCESSFUL.*

WELCOME *HOME,* CLARICE.

WHO *ARE* YOU PEOPLE? WHAT DO YOU *WANT?*

WE'RE THE *OLDER* GENERATION, MY DEAR.

WE'RE THE ONES WHO BROUGHT FOLKS LIKE *YOU* AND MANY OF THESE *WORLDS* YOU PROTECT, INTO *BEING.*

OUR TIME'S COMING TO ITS *END.*

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THOSE WHO MIGHT TAKE OUR *PLACE.*

AS WHAT, *GODS?*

HEROES, IF YOU'RE UP TO IT.

SUPPOSE WE HAVE OTHER IDEAS, *BETTER* DREAMS?

SUPPOSE THE TWO AREN'T *EXCLUSIVE.*

SUPPOSE, DEAR, THE PATH TO ONE LEADS TO THE OTHER. EVER THINK OF *THAT?*

EARTH 797.

THE NEXT STEP PROVES SURPRISINGLY SIMPLE AS THE SCANNER SYSTEMS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE...

EARTH 1009.

...QUICKLY FOCUS IN ON ITS BIO-LINKS WITH THE MISSING EXILES, AND THEIR NEWFOUND FRIENDS.

EARTH 6375.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT WORLD?

WHAT'S 'A MATTER, BETSY? YOU DON'T LIKE EATERIES?

DUNNO ABOUT THE REST OF YOU, BUT I'M STARVED.

SOMETIMES, CREED, I THINK THAT'S YOUR FAVORITE SPORT.

ONE OF 'EM, DARLIN', THAT'S FOR SURE.

THAT WOMAN'S THE OWNER.

I GOT NO SCENT OF OUR BOY. TOO MANY SMELLS.

NEVER A BLOODY TELEPATH AVAILABLE WHEN YOU REALLY NEED ONE.

THIS MEAL IS DELICIOUS.

I KNOW THESE RECIPES.

CHEF KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOIN', THAT'S FOR SURE.

PUP, WE'VE FOUND OUR MISSING SPIDEY.

"QUESTION NOW IS--WHAT DO WE *DO* WITH HIM?"

BUT--MIGUEL ALREADY *HAS* A GIRLFRIEND.

THINGS *CHANGE*, MORPH. SO DO *PEOPLE*.

YOU GUYS HANG ON THE BEACH. I'LL CHECK THINGS OUT.

LOOKS LIKE THEY CALLED IT A NIGHT.

CHEF AND OWNER HAVE GONE TO BED-- *TOGETHER*.

APPARENTLY, THAT'S BEEN GOING ON FOR SOME TIME.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, *SPIDEY* USED HIS POWERS TO HELP *CLEAN UP* THE RESTAURANT.

HE KNOWS WHO HE IS, PUP. HE'S JUST DONE PLAYIN' THE *SUPER HERO*.

THIS IS HIS *HOME*, MR. CREED, IN *EVERY* SENSE OF THE WORD.

HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S AT *PEACE* WITH HIMSELF AND HIS LIFE. HE'S *HAPPY* HERE.

DO WE HAVE ANY RIGHT TO TAKE THAT *AWAY* FROM HIM?

I MEAN, THE WHOLE POINT OF OUR BEING HERE IS TO *GUARANTEE* THAT VERY CHOICE IS *POSSIBLE*.

HE'S *EARNED* THIS DESTINY. LET'S LEAVE HIM *TO* IT.

AND HOPE IN TIME, WE *ALL* GET JUST AS *LUCKY*.

NO OFFENSE, PUP, BUT THE TEAM'S STILL ONE *SHORT.*

ANY *SUGGESTIONS* FROM OUR FRIENDLY, RESIDENT *GODS* WHERE WE MIGHT FIND *LONGSHOT?*

'COURSE NOT.

IT DOESN'T WORK LIKE *THAT,* SABRETOOTH.

THIS THE *KID* YOU TOLD US ABOUT, *BETS?*

OUR VERY OWN RESIDENT *GENIUS.*

WHAT'S THE *PROBLEM,* CAT?

THESE READINGS, THEY MAKE NO *SENSE!*

THERE, *"GENIUS",* YOU ARE *WRONG.*

HOW WOULD *YOU* KNOW?

SIMPLE--

"--I TOOK A *BREATH."*

TO BE CONTINUED--IN ***X-MEN: DIE BY THE SWORD #1.***

NEXT: *EXILES #100--HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS!*